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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

NOTES ..... 67
Cecil Rhodes ..... 68

THE PULPIT—
The Industrial Body and Its Members.—Rev. Edward Cummings ..... 69
Alcoholism Among Women.—Hattie Tyng Griswold.... 73

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Old Testament Bible Stories.—By W. L. Sheldon. Chapter XXX.—The Sin of Moses..... 73

THE STUDY TABLE—
What Is Christianity.—J. W. C..... 74
D'Annunzio's Reading of the Artist's Tragedy.—Laura McAdoo Triggs..... 75
Birds of Lakeside and Prairie.—C. S. K..... 76

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living..... 77
Just His Smile.—*S. E. Kiser*..... 77
Ole Bull's Christmas Present..... 77
Why?—Exchange ..... 77

THE FIELD—
Chicago—All Souls Church..... 78
Albany—First Unitarian Society..... 78
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H..... 79
Books received ..... 79

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# UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902. NUMBER 5

And I?
Is there some desert or some pathless sea
Where Thou Good God of angels, wilt send me?
Some oak for me to rend; some sod,
Some rock for me to break;
Some handful of His corn to take
And scatter far afield,
Till it, in turn, shall yield
Its hundredfold
Of grains of gold
To feed the waiting children of my God?
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea,
Is it Thine enterprise? Great God, send me.
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Count me among all Faithful Souls.

—*Edward Everett Hale*

---

Boston, nay, the United States, is busy this week in celebrating at Boston the eightieth anniversary of Edward Everett Hale. UNITY joins in the celebration; however managed and whoever speaks we desire to be counted in in honoring the man who not only invented the happy motto, but who vitalized it and materialized it in a thousand ways and in a thousand places. "Look forward and not back; look out and not in; look up and not down, and lend a hand."

---

After an absence of nearly a month the senior editor of UNITY is again at his desk, and hereby extends his thanks to his associates who kept his place warm and UNITY agoing during his absence. During his sojourn in the South he saw, heard and felt many things which will serve as attractive grist in the editorial mill, if time permits. In no distant issue he hopes to give some estimate of the religious and political outlook of the South as he saw and felt it. For the present this word of thanks and invitation for continued co-operation and deepening interest in the work at hand must suffice.

---

If, as Christians fondly hope and believe, the mild son of Mary, the unarmed champion of the beatitudes, the defenseless martyr of the cross, looks down upon his own in this earthly household of his, what a strange annomaly he must have witnessed on Easter day last, in Chicago, when one who boasts that he "preaches Christ and him crucified only," invoked the divine blessing on an audience that filled the auditorium with men who were, according to the daily paper, "gorgeously dressed in sparkling uniforms; the gold braid glistened as the sun's rays played upon it; the steel swords flashed and a thousand medals gleamed brightly as these 'knights' passed to their seats. "Draw swords!" came the order of the commander, and the flashing steel flew from their scabbards." But this is symbolism, they will say. Yea, verily, but it is the symbolism of destruction, death and hatred. Even when idealized and set in the glamour of poetry and fancy, the "knight templar" of old went in search of a grave which he did not find and tried to spread a gospel of humility and service by the methods of arrogance, cruelty and dogmatism. Cannot we give to the Christian *"Gospel"* its most benignant interpretation at least one day in the year, the benignant day of hope, the great universal festival of spring and of the deathless life? Let us keep the swords in the closet on Easter Sunday at least.

---

Consistency is not so great a jewel as it was once thought to be. It is a small man that never contradicts himself, and a poor paper that never reflects the inconsistency and contradictions of human nature. If this be so, our neighbor, the *Interior,* displays a beautiful inconsistency in its issue of March 27 ult. On page 387, first column, we read:

> "We are frankly sorry to see our neighbor, *The Evangelist,* in a review of Professor Pearson's case, discounting the validity of the argument that the professor's dissent from Methodist doctrine morally obliged him to leave a Methodist school."

On the second column of the same paper we read:

> "The myth of the 'historic episcopate' is to be demolished, it would seem, by courageous men within the ministry of the church which has most determinedly hugged the fiction. The Bishop of Salisbury (England) has just laid on a blow even more shattering than Canon Henson's heavy hammer strokes. His new book, 'The Ministry of Grace,' declares that there was nothing but presbyterial church government known even at Rome and Alexandria until the third century. * * * The ancient fantasy can not abide many such bombardments at close range with historical common sense."

Evidently "much depends upon whose ox is gored," and our friend does not see that the same forces that have been working in Prof. Pearson's mind and heart are those which were at work in the minds of the Bishop of Salisbury and Canon Henson, and the *Interior* must know enough about the interior workings of the Presbyterian Church to know that these forces are much in evidence therein.

---

Frederick Funston, General, according to a Topeka, Kansas, paper, says he is "tired of being nagged by Eastern newspapers" because of the alleged dishonorable and unfair means used in the capture of Aguinaldo. In defense he says that "as a matter of fact, only four of his men were dressed in insurgent uniform" and he claims that "everything is permissible in a campaign, except the use of poison or the violation of a flag of truce," and further that "President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge approved of his method." He accuses these editorial writers of being "better acquainted with the articles of golf than the articles of war." The present writer pleads ignorance of the

technical rules of both golf and war, but according to Funston's standards he is at a loss to know why there should be exception made to the use of poison and the violation of the flag of truce, or how the disgrace of "wearing the insurgent uniform" is obviated by reducing the number to four. Would this innocent thing have become criminal if a cipher had been placed to the right of the figure four, making the band forty? Probably the logic of this trooper is justifiable, but if the articles of war do make honorable things that in themselves seem treacherous and dastardly, then so much the worse for war. That is all. So much the more important is it that the eyes of the civilized world should be opened to its atrocities and that the rising generation be relieved from these crippling standards of honor. This is a case where Lincoln's maxim comes into play, "To those who like this kind of thing, why, this is the kind of thing they like." We rejoice in the "Eastern newspapers" that do not like this kind of thing."

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The Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago is said to be about ready to break ground for a million dollar club house to be built in the center of the city, one feature of which is to be a roof garden, convertible into an open-air gymnasium under proper circumstances. And it is said that this building will not be only an architectural triumph but a unique thing in the world. These millionaire women are wise in their recognition of the fact that they need physical exercise and development as much as their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, and that this development demands a certain amount of co-operation, that there is a social element in it. But it must be remembered that most of the members of this club have sumptuous city homes, many of them amply furnished with the necessary amusement and exercise rooms, that in addition to this they have airy summer homes with the necessary equipments of horses, carriages, launches, row-boats, etc., etc. Will they ever take a thought of the busy women, their sisters, oftentimes their congenial neighbors and mental and moral equals and associates, who live within the narrow confines of flats and who practically spend twelve months of the year under the pressure of city life, without the gymnasium under the roof or on the roof? For the benefit of such the municipal conscience is developed sufficiently to think of a partial release of summer parks, but as yet the corporate life is too feeble, and the consciences of these millionaire men and women are too individualistic to think of any winter provision for such. The pride of the Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago in this building will some day prove to be a reproach and scandal and humiliation, unless it proves an inspiration to them and others to go ahead and provide enough of these privileges to go around.

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J. Pierpont Morgan in his recent testimony in court gave forth an epigram which on the face of it seems to be a self-evident truth. To the majority of business men it is statement, argument and conclusion of the great economic question of the day. But, like all epigrams, it is a dangerous instrument in the hands of the truth seeker. It says more than it implies and leaves unsaid much that is involved. In answer to the question what he understood by "a community of interests" between great railroad corporations, he replied that it simply meant that three or four individuals having property might do "as they pleased with it." The opposite is the exact truth. No man has a right to do as he pleases with any property, unless he pleases to do right with it. All the excise laws, laws concerning the handling of explosives, the carrying of dangerous weapons, fire limit ordinances in cities, etc., etc., are based on the sound principle that a man cannot do as he pleases with his own. When the "property" claimed by these "three or four persons" in question is valuable because of the instituted government, of the complex civilization, of the great public upon which they depend for their value, their right to do as they please with it, is still more restricted. It takes but little philosophy and still less common sense to show that such "property," however acquired, is a trust and not a gift of this great environment, by means of which the individuals were able to aggregate, not to create, this wealth. No, gentlemen, a man cannot do as he pleases with his money, no more than with his voice and with his hand, with his brain and with his heart, unless he pleases to do right with these, to bear his share of the responsibility of life, and unless his "property" is to contribute its fair proportion to the general well-being. This logic is not parried by the question: "Who has a better right to decide than the owner?" or "if he has not a right to do as he pleases with his own, who has a better right?" These questions are retorts, not arguments. The complexity of the problem does not justify the simplicity of the solution, but rather proves the essential stupidity, if not the brutality, of the man or men who on either side confidently urge a simple solution to a problem so intricate, an old formula for a new issue. We are glad to call attention to the sermon by Rev. Edward Cummings, published in another column of this issue, as a fearless and searching statement that shows not only the unsoundness and the selfishness, but the wickedness that lurks in the epigram of J. Pierpont Morgan.

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## Cecil Rhodes.

Cecil Rhodes is dead. The man who "thought in continents," who dreamed of a united Africa, all under the sway of a British flag, who presumed to make and unmake wars, who indulged in the luxury of an invading army, the private venture of a diamond king, and the proprietor of unexhausted gold mines has gone down to his grave at forty-seven. The love of woman, the protection of wife, the inspirations and consolation of children, were not for him. All these he refused. He died morose, sullen, disappointed and complaining. In his brief life he outlived the enthusiasm of his followers, and even the confidence, if not the respect of his country, for which he planned such big things.

In his death the newspapers have tried to see the passing of "a power in English politics," of "a great

financial leader," "a towering genius." But he had already outlived his power in politics; his prominence in the financial world had already gone from him and his wisdom as a leader was distrusted.

But, as a last claim, it is urged that he was at least a man of great power. Granted. But it was power of the lowest order, power allied to brawn and selfishness rather than to brain and civilization. In short, Cecil Rhodes is a sad case of a young man gone wrong. The son of a minister, himself with some early inclinations in that direction, a University student and ultimately a University graduate, driven to Africa for health reasons, lost his way, abandoned his high ideals. Following the lines of least resistance in a new country he became an adventurer, a "land-grabber," a reckless speculator, a man without spiritual ideals. Rhodes' power was such as belongs to the great gamsters of the world. He played high stakes and he won all that such stakes could bring. In his early career he was associated with the lamented Gen. Gordon—"Chinese Gordon," the Sir Gallahad of the British army—the man of high ideals who also "failed" and died too young. But Gordon has left behind him an aroma of saintliness, while the name of Cecil Rhodes was a stench before he died.

We will not think harshly of the dead. Poor Cecil Rhodes! What a failure is here! Some day further along the historian will trace the great, cruel, unwarranted and inexcusable war of the British upon the Boers to the false estimates and the malign influences of this man and his associates, who believed in the power of money, who measured national glory and strength by gold standards. He believed with all his heart in the commercialism, he so significantly represented, but nothing will save his name from practical forgetfulness because he trusted transient things. It will yet be seen that with all his sagacity his very business judgments were unsafe; that his estimates of his neighbors and townspeople, the Boers, was essentially wrong, because he could not understand the power of conviction, the might of sincerity, the conquering quality of religion, even though it be the religion of narrow dogmas and circumscribed by unscientific thought and inartistic ritual.

The Cecil Rhodes estimate of Oom Paul made him ridiculous in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon world, but Oom Paul's rustic home was the place of prayer and of love, and thus far the praying Boer has astonished the world as well as his gold hunting Anglo-Saxon enemy, by his power of resistance, his gift of endurance, by his material resources, for when his power to acquire ceases, he has developed an unlimited power of doing without.

One lesson of Cecil Rhodes' life is clearly this, that money can never secure either honor from without or peace from within, that commercialism unillumined by the ideal, untouched by the love of man, will defeat its own ends, and that patriotism unrelieved with the sense of the universal brotherhood, untouched with a cosmopolitan passion, will prove a delusion and a snare to the wise and will end in humiliation to the nation that inspires it.

# THE PULPIT.

## The Industrial Body and Its Members.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1902, BY REV. EDWARD CUMMINGS.

*1 Corinthians, xii:26, "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."*

I wonder if there is any one in Boston today who does not realize the truth of the statement that we are members of one social and industrial body, and that "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

If there is any such person, he has failed to learn the dramatic and costly lesson which experience has been trying to teach this community during the past few days of portentous struggle between capital and labor.

For what more impressive evidence could we have of the way in which society has come to be a great co-operative family, a great living organization? What better proof could we have of the great sociological and the great religious fact that we are all members one of another, and that we cannot live unto ourselves alone, or do business unto ourselves alone, or quarrel unto ourselves alone?

What better proof could we have of the great truth that we are vitally related, so that any unhealthy condition in any one part of our great industrial organism is liable to spread and endanger the health and happiness of the whole body—the industrial body, the social body, the body politic?

Ordinarily we are apt to think that the question whether John Smith treats his workmen well or ill is no immediate concern of ours. John and his employees must settle that for themselves. And so they might fight it out by themselves, if it were not that a lot of other workmen, teamsters, freight handlers, and what not, have adopted the motto that the welfare of each one is the concern of all, and declared that the grievances of their fellow workmen shall be righted, if all Boston and everybody that does business with Boston has to pay the bill.

Very good. You may long for the good old, simple days before trade unions and sympathetic strikes, and unsympathetic employers were invented. You may think Smith is right and his men are wrong, or Smith is wrong and his men right—but something has got to be done to settle the dispute and let society go on living again, and let you have your fish and freight and coal.

When you find you cannot have any fish for your dinner, or any coal for your furnace, or any freight for your warehouse or factory, until the John Smith matter is settled, then you begin to say it must be settled right away. You begin to say it is some concern of yours how John Smith treats his men and how Smith's men treat him. You begin to say he and his employees must not be allowed to fight it out in their own way. No matter who is right, the dispute must be settled in an orderly, law-abiding fashion. Smith has no right to do business if he is going to settle his disputes in a way that paralyzes trade, and causes public inconvenience; and Smiths' workmen have no right to settle things in their own way, if their own way causes great public and private hardship. And the next we know you have the governor and the mayor and the arbitration boards and the public spirited citizens all preaching the gospel of peace and compromise and good will and co-operation, and persuading the combatants to stop fighting—for their own sakes, for the sake of everybody.

Now if we learn the lesson of such a disturbance as this of the past week, the gain will be enormous. We shall not have paid too dearly for our knowledge. But what is the lesson? People differ about that. Some man whose business has been upset by what seems to him the unjust and arbitrary attempt of organized labor to make him and his business and his customers suffer because of the alleged wrongs of a little group of teamsters or freight handlers he never had anything to do with or even heard of before—he tells you what he thinks the lesson is. He says emphatically this sort of thing shows that the methods and principles and practices of organized labor are unjust and undemocratic; and that trade unions and sympathetic strikes ought to be stamped out of existence.

But that is not the real lesson. That is an old, familiar, exasperated and really obsolete way of looking at the difficulty. That shows that our capitalist employer, or capitalist sympathizer, has not yet got sight of the great religious, sociological, moral, economic fact that society is a living, organic whole. Such a man forgets that we really mean what we say when we call society a "body politic," or a body economic. These are not empty words. They are so familiar that we forget the profound truth they convey. But they describe the real state of the case. We are a body politic and a body economic. We are not living unto ourselves alone. We must act as members of this great living body. If we try to act as independent and isolated individuals, we shall violate the laws of social, industrial and political health. We must obey the great organic law of the social and industrial system of which we are parts—the organic law of social self-seeking. Otherwise our conduct is likely to set up a local irritation; and the local irritation may spread in the social tissue and create an enormous amount of inflammation, pain and suffering for society at large.

Again, suppose you are not a capitalist, but an impartial looker-on, trying to understand the situation and learn the lesson experience has to teach. You say you wonder why it is that men quit employers with whom they have no grievance. Why they inflict upon themselves and their families so much unnecessary suffering, privation and sacrifice. Why they cause innocent members of society at large so much trouble and inconvenience. There are several reasons. But the fundamental one is that the workingmen have learned by bitter experience that they cannot succeed by selfish, local, isolated efforts to improve wages and conditions of labor. So they back one another up, and adopt the fraternal motto "each for all and all for each." They have another reason. They rightly feel that their difficulties are not caused by individual employers or corporations, so much as by the rapidly changing and evolving industrial system, of which employers are only a part, and consumers are only a part, and wage earners are only a part. The responsibility is a collective responsibility. The remedy must be largely a collective remedy—a result of improved public sentiment. All must improve together, all must suffer together, in order to make the easy-going public take an interest in the situation.

Make no mistake. There is less personal spite behind these great sympathetic strikes than there is behind any others. They are not aimed primarily at special individuals or corporations or the general public, so much as at the whole system, of which individuals and corporations and the general public are all parts, and all responsible parts.

You may not like sympathetic strikes. I may not. But this much is to be remembered: they are a remarkable evidence of the willingness and ability of wage-earners to sacrifice in unselfish ways for what they believe to be the common good. The results may or may not be commendable. But the fraternal spirit which makes such men lose their own self-interest in the larger welfare of fellow workers they have never even seen—this spirit is one of the finest and most encouraging products of modern industrial civilization.

It is curious to observe how prone people are to overlook these moral elements in these trying situations. I find that most people think a sympathetic strike is far more reprehensible than an ordinary kind of strike. They can understand why men should strike for themselves, when they have personal grievances. But why strike for the grievances of some one else?

But it is precisely here that the most hopeful moral elements appear. No matter whether the sympathetic strike is a good thing or a bad thing. No matter whether the alleged grievance for which these thousands of men stop work is a real grievance or a fancied one. The great moral fact remains that here are thousands of men ready to give up their job, and subject themselves and their families to privation, and run the risk of having to give up home and move elsewhere in search of work—all for what? All because they honestly believe a fellow workman they have never seen or had any dealings with, is being wronged by a single employer or by a group or by a great merciless competitive system.

It is not a question whether they are misinformed. These men think they are right. They take the word of their leaders. They obey orders—even when they fear some one has blundered—as some one so often does blunder.

But heroism is heroism and bravery is bravery, and unselfishness and fraternal devotion of strong to weak are still admirable, even when the cause is a poor one. The heroes of the South in the Civil War were not less heroic because they and their leaders were mistaken. The heroism of the Boer struggle for independence does not depend upon our opinion about the expediency or justice of that tragic struggle.

So the unselfishness and fraternal devotion of strong to weak on the part of trade unions involved in a great sympathetic strike does not depend on our opinion about the justice and expediency of their action.

The truth is, there are few groups of people in modern society who would be ready to make similar sacrifices for a fellow workman or a fellow citizen. College professors and school teachers not infrequently complain of unjust treatment to their fellow workers. But how few there are who would risk their position and take the chances of losing their jobs for the sake of championing such an aggrieved member, or creating a public opinion which would make a repetition of such wrongs impossible.

I am not defending the mistakes of labor organizations or the mistakes of capital organizations. I am simply calling attention to the silver lining of the threatening clouds of industrial conflict. Neither of the great rival combinations is wholly free from reproach in regard to methods or ideals. Both are more or less tarred with the same brush. But we are apt to hear only one side.

You hear no end of comment upon the unjust and undemocratic attempts of trade unionists to force non-union men to choose between joining unions or giving up their jobs. You say it is an intolerable infringement of universal liberty. Very likely it is, Mr. Capitalist or Capitalist Sympathizer. Doubtless this is the mote which the capitalist organizer of a business trust sees in the eye of his industrial twin—the organizer of a labor trust. But how about the beam in the capitalist eye? What do the great combinations known as syndicates and trusts do to the non-union or inde-

pendent producers who refuse to join their capitalist union? Read the history of the merciless conflict of the capitalist trade unions called trusts and the independent non-union competitors who have refused to join them—and see the option that is given. It is join the union, enter the trust, or face the alternative of financial ruin by cut-throat competition. And that is not an idle threat.

You may not like these brutal coercive tactics, and you may well demand that they shall be abandoned. But *noblesse oblige*. First let the capitalist unions, the Napoleons of finance, and captains of industry, pluck the beam from their own eyes; and then shall they see more clearly to pluck the mote from the eyes of the trade unions and the Napoleons and captains of organized labor.

I do not mean that trade unionism and sympathetic striking is pure disinterestedness. Nobody expects pure disinterestedness in a capitalistic trust. Why should you expect it in a labor trust? But I do mean to say that these amazing evidences of willingness to combine for the good of all first and the advantage of the separate individuals concerned second—this shows that the working classes are learning the impossibility of self-seeking, and the necessity of altruistic, co-operative, social self-seeking. Combinations and trusts, whether of employers or employees, are simply forms of co-operation, forms of union. These trade unions and these capital unions are the things that pay—because they are larger and larger forms of social self-seeking. Labor unions and capital unions, labor trusts and capital trusts, simply show that both employers and employees have discovered that the best way for a competitor to help himself permanently is to join in helping all his fellow competitors at the same time. In other words, the competing group is the smallest unit of successful self-seeking, both for employers and employees. Mark well, the competing group—not the competing individual. Hence we have our great combinations of competing employers on the one hand, and of competing employees on the other.

They are both legitimate. Both are necessary phases of industrial evolution. Both may be moral—provided always they accept the duties and responsibilities which come with the great power and great strength which union gives: provided always they both remember the fundamental rule of righteousness, and seek first the welfare of that still larger trust or union that includes them both—society as a whole.

And here lies the next great practical and moral step. These two great and powerful competing groups must apply to each other the same co-operative law of combination they have applied within themselves. What society wants next is a combination of combinations—a trust, a union, of these competing trusts.

Already we begin to see signs of this. Both labor and capital are getting tired of the terrible waste of industrial warfare. Society, too, is getting restive under the old methods of settling quarrels of organized capital and organized labor. Now that the combinations on both sides are gigantic, the struggles are also titanic; and society finds its rights trampled under foot by both contestants. Society constantly finds itself between the upper and nether millstone of this warfare of labor combinations and capital combinations. Society—that is public sentiment—is beginning to say that this cannot go on. The right to "fight it out" is not a divine right. The right to fight out private quarrels or corporate quarrels is not an inalienable right. Freedom to do business as you please is not an inalienable right. The primitive right and liberty to settle private quarrels by knives, bludgeons and pistols gives way before a more orderly method as society gets civilized. So the right to settle difficulties about wages and unionists and non-unionists by methods which paralyze industry and cause enormous loss in property and morals and law and order and social self-respect is not inalienable.

Combinations of capital and labor have got to devise decent and peaceable methods of doing the business of selling and buying labor, or else society will try its hand at the business. No employer can do the business of buying labor to himself alone. No trade union can do the business of selling labor without regard to social welfare. Private business—if there be any left—is a public trust; and must be so regarded.

When industrial organization gets more civilized, more moral, more intelligent, more leavened by the democracy of religion, employers who are counted worthy to be employers will make it their foremost business to seek first the welfare of society, and the welfare of their employees, and the welfare of the whole industrial body.

Here lies the great work of the immediate future. Religion, patriotism, morality and self-interest all point the same way. This way lies the democratic kingdom of God on earth for the coming of which we work and pray.

Who, therefore, do you think have been doing the most religious work in this city this week just past? Who have been most concerned with the practical details of making the democratic kingdom of God come on earth as it is in heaven? The people who have been leading the democratic church militant to the great victories of peace and good will have been on the fighting line, between the hostile armies of capital and labor. The best teachers and preachers of our fraternal gospel of the divine family have been the city and state officials, and the leaders of organized labor and organized capital who have tried to convince the struggling members of our great industrial community that their interests are common interests; that the law of individual and of social and economic success is the fraternal law of co-operation, and not the old, selfish, brutal, wasteful resort to blind force. It is here, in our industrial world, that we must work hardest for the coming of the fraternal kingdom of democracy.

If Jesus were preaching about the coming of the kingdom of God on earth today, I am sure he would try to make every employer of labor or official of a corporation understand that his great opportunity and duty lay in extending to industrial organization the religious principles of industrial democracy. I am sure he would try to show the trade unions and the wage earners everywhere that their opportunity and duty lay in devising some plan of industrial organization which should make them feel that they are co-workers with their employers. I am sure he would say that the great religious problem of the present day and generation is to get conscientious workmen and conscientious employers to studying how they can dispel their mutual hostility and distrust, and unite the hostile camps of capital and labor in a victorious army of prosperity and peace.

This is the great religious problem of modern civilization. That is the great moral problem of modern civilization. That is the great economic problem of modern civilization. That is the immediate and pressing problem for the citizens of the democratic kingdom of God on earth to solve. Religious problems are the problems of making the kingdom of God come on earth as it is in heaven. Religious problems are, therefore, these practical problems of political, industrial and social democracy.

## Alcoholism Among Women.

In France, it is said that some of the ablest thinkers, nay, many of the ablest thinkers, now think that alcohol will destroy the race. The awful statistics with which they back up this opinion are certainly appalling, when we consider that there the drink evil is not confined to men, but includes a large proportion of the mothers of the state. In the department of the North there is one dramshop for every fifteen adults, and in the department of the Seine one for every twenty-two adults. Dr. Brunon, in the *Bulletin Medical,* states:

That the greatest national danger to France at the present day is alcoholism, and especially alcoholism among women. His investigations have shown that the women of Normandy are more completely enslaved by the alcoholic habit than those of any other French province. Spirits are sold by the grocer, the coal dealer, the green grocer, etc., and worst of all, nearly every storekeeper treats those of his women customers who appear worth cultivating, to a dram of spirits, just to assure himself of their custom. Dr. Brunon attributes the terrible infant mortality, which is peculiar to Normandy, to this almost universal presence of alcoholism among the wives of the peasants and artisans.

From England we have the same alarming statements. From a glass or two of wine at dinner, the custom of female drinking has enlarged itself, until public drinking in restaurants has become common, and one eye witness writes to Mr. Labouchere in disgust concerning women "who follow a bottle of champagne by many glasses of liquor, and end with whisky and soda." These are supposed by the Hungarian traveler quoted to be women of respectability, and he is naturally deeply shocked at what seems to be a revelation to him. But among the lower classes in London and other English cities, drinking at public bars has not been uncommon for a long period of time. The frightful results in deformed and defective children has been well known to thoughtful people.

But it is of American women I wish to write, to whom these things are comparatively new. A generation ago even, respectable women in America were almost universally strictly temperate, if not tetotallers, as the great majority of them doubtless were, and indeed are today. But there is a small proportion of them now who drink openly and uphold the fashion, and that the number is increasing seems undeniable, in face of the evidence. Many people who have not seen these things personally will scarcely credit the following statements drawn from many sources, but if anything published in newspapers can be believed, they are true. At any rate I have never seen them contradicted.

Says the London *Doctor* of recent date:

ALCOHOLISM AMONG WOMEN.

There is a growing tendency among women to the indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Among the wealthier and higher classes the habit has become almost universal, and this pernicious example has rapidly extended through the various social substrata, for it's human nature to imitate the actions of those who are better favored. The exhausting effect of the demands of society upon its devotees creates a desire for a stimulant, and hence the ever-present and generous punch-bowl is often the most popular feature of the social event. It adds a sparkle to the eye, color to the cheek and a zest to the spirit of the maid and matron, a delightful feeling of bien aise, and its alluring seductiveness bids its partakers to return again and again.

And the following item has been extensively copied:

A Sorosis woman of New York confesses that "cocktails" are on the increase among society women. She says: "I fully realize that women are everyday seizing upon new beers. They have laid hold of the 'cocktail,' but they must let go; it is strictly un-feminine and was never meant for the feminine palate. It is essentially a man's drink."

And this in the face of such opinions as the following. Can delicate women bear what is so destructive to strong men?

"Beer shortens life," is the verdict of the medical experts. "It is difficult to find any part of the confirmed beer-drinker's machinery that is doing its work as it should." When disease attacks him his apparent robust health proves to be delusive. "The life-cords snap off like glass rods when disease or accident gives them a little blow." The life insurance companies have been taught by experience that a beer drinker is as bad a risk as a brandy drinker. The great railroads will have no habitual user of beer in their employ, and the large manufacturing industries are coming to the same rule.

The following is the opinion of a Milwaukee woman, published in one of the city papers:

"I never thought how general the custom has become here at home until I went to Minneapolis a week ago," said a pretty woman, who is the idol of her own particular set. "You see, here in Milwaukee, we have come to regard the bite of supper afterwards as a regular part of an evening at the theater, and we drink things because they are really better for one late at night than coffee would be."

The following comes from the same paper:

"What do they drink? What don't they drink?" said the gentlemanly bartender of a popular down-town cafe that is much patronized by women. "Just let me have the luck to invent a new drink that takes with the men and see how quickly we'll get calls for it from the ladies' cafe. Women like them all, so long as they're mixed and have a bit of lemon peel or a cherry floating on top."

The bartender, who never takes a drink himself, was discussing the women who do. This did not mean that it was a subject ordinarily tabooed in polite society, for the cafe in question caters to the most fashionable set in town and a person of questionable character would not be allowed to enter the door if he or she were known to the head waiter by sight. Consequently, what he said was of interest, because it went to prove what many dislike to admit—that more and more women who can make every claim to being "nice," drink in public every day, and that no one except a few extremely conservative souls or those who flaunt the white ribbon of temperance think anything about it.

And this:

This year there has been a reaction from cocktails to gin drinks. Rickeys and fizzes are popular, partly because the women really like them and partly because to the uninitiated they look like mild lemonades. Besides the women have evolved a theory that gin is beneficial to the health, which satisfactorily explains their lapses from old conventional standards.

I am really ashamed to quote further from this delectable article, but surely this is sufficient.

Of the drinking done at ladies' parties one society woman says:

It doesn't occur to these women that they drink or countenance drinking in others and so they don't, in the common acceptance of the word, but when driven into a corner they will confess that it is the exceptional luncheon or tea where liquor is not served in some form. The kaffee klatsch begins with cocktails—very small, it is true, but cocktails nevertheless, and the flask of rum is pretty nearly an inevitable accompaniment to the five o'clock tea table. Luncheons, even those given to debutantes fresh from school and seeing society for the first time, claret cup and even champagne are served, with not infrequently cocktails to begin with and liquors as a finish. A dinner with only elderly and supposedly more discreet guests would scarcely have no more.

That these things are not peculiar to the west might be shown by many similar extracts from eastern journals. I will let one suffice: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the *Forum* of August, 1890, said:

"One need not be a fanatic in the temperance movement to discern one cause for the decrease of modesty, in the increase of the drinking habit among a certain class of our ladies—thank heaven we may still believe that this class is not a large one. * * * 'Certainly,' testifies the first young man I ask; 'certainly, I have often danced with young ladies who were intoxicated. It is not an uncommon thing to meet them too far gone to converse.' If the delicacy of a sober girl cannot protect her from the taint in the social atmosphere, what is to be expetced from the modesty of a drunken one?"

There can be but one opinion in regard to the serious nature of these charges against American women. If true they strike at the very roots of our civilization. As to their truth I can express no personal opinion, knowing nothing of any such state of morals among women. I give my reports from others for what they are worth, but myself regard them as reliable.

The terrible effects upon children of the alcoholism of their fathers is too well known to require much comment; what it will be when the mother also becomes addicted to drink we can hardly conceive. Here

are a few figures upon the general subject which may well set us to thinking upon this point:

Speaking of alcoholic epilepsy, the *Journal* says:

A careful study of 400 alcoholics has been made during the past fifteen years at Zurich under Forel's supervision; forty-three per cent of the cases had one or both parents alcoholic, and forty per cent had nervous or mental antecedents. Fifteen per cent of the patients were wholesale or retail dealers in liquors; 132 out of 346 had become alcoholics by consuming merely beer, wine or cider.

All the cases showed various physical, mental and moral alterations; degeneration of the heart, affections of the stomach, tremors, ataxia, pulmonary troubles, general denutrition, etc. One-fifth were sexual perverts; fourteen per cent were epileptics.

Demne, during a period of twelve years acquired accurate knowledge of ten families, belonging on the one hand to drinking, on the other to the temperate class. These are the figures:

Thus of fifty- seven children of habitual drinkers, there were only ten, or 17.5 per cent, in normal condition during their childhood, while of the sixty-one children of the temperate families, fifty, or 81.9 per cent, were in a normal state in their youth.

Out of the fifty-seven children of drinkers, twenty-five died during the first weeks or months of life, some from lack of vitality, some through eclamptic seizures (œdema of the brain and its membranes). Six children were idiots, five children remaining almost dwarfish. Five children, as they grew older, became subject to epileptic attacks. One boy was afflicted with severe chorea, which terminated in idiocy. Five children had congenital diseases.

The *British Medical Journal*: "It is well known that neuroses and diseases of nerve centers are frequent in the children of drunkards. On the other hand, simple malnutrition is not rare in such offspring.

These are the mere physical effects of alcoholism upon children. Of the far-reaching moral effects it seems unnecessary to speak in this age of the world. Here is a recent story in point: Mrs. Rosa Finch, of New York city, recently engaged Mamie Clancy as a nurse for a three months old child. The nurse took the child out for an airing. She stopped to see an acquaintance, who was found to be in a state of intoxication. After other horrible mistreatment she hurled the baby from her. It struck upon its head, and the skull was fractured, and before a policeman could find the parents, was dead. Drunken fathers often murder their children, as well as their wives; are we to add drunken mothers to the dangers of infancy?

Is it possible that the apparent indifference of the moral and religious classes in our country to this evil, is real? Do they not care if men and women go down this steep place to the sea of destruction? Can they gaze unappalled at all the suffering and degradation which attends upon this vice? Are they really as selfish and heartless as they seem? If not, we ought to see a great moral revival in our midst, and that right speedily. HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Columbus, Wis.

## Co-education at Northwestern.

Dr. Edmund J. James, president-elect of Northwestern University, in presenting his first communication to the board of trustees, had this to say on the subject of co-education: "There are many signs of a marked reaction in the public mind on the subject of co-education. Not only has the system ceased to make new converts, but there are indications that it is losing ground in the very territory which it had so completely won. One hears oftener the claim that the increasing number of women tends to feminize the institutions where they are, in some cases to such an extent as to discourage the attendance of men. It is urged with increasing persistence that the social distractions and dissipations form a very serious problem, while others emphasize the fact that the broad difference in the future careers of the two sexes should find a more adequate recognition in the college curricula."—*Boston Transcript.*

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

*Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.*

### XXV.

**The Sin of Moses.**

I must tell you something now which was very sad in the life of Moses. He had gone on for a long while, as you remember, doing the best he knew how, leading the people out of Egypt, and guiding them from place to place through the Wilderness.

But while Moses had been a good man, nevertheless there had been a certain weakness about him, so that we can never think of him as having been quite perfect.

You remember that when the Lord met him in the fields while he was tending the flocks of his father-in-law in Midian, and had told him to go to the King of Egypt, asking to have the children of Israel set free, how Moses was timid and did not quite want to do at once as he was commanded to do. By and by, of course, his courage came, and he went along with Aaron. But at that time I think that we could not help feeling that there was something not quite right with Moses, making us fear lest by and by he might commit mistakes and do something he would have to regret later on. And this did happen now in the Wilderness. Moses forgot himself and did wrong, so that he had to be punished for it, and the punishment was very severe indeed. For my own part, I am certain that if he had done right and shown the right spirit when he had been told to go to the King of Egypt and ask for the freedom of the Israelites that this later mistake on the part of Moses would never have happened. People who are too timid at one time may by and by act just the other way and be too bold at another time.

You know that when Moses had been called the first time he had been timid. He had not shown himself at once brave and fearless. Now he acted too boldly and was to be severely punished for it.

It seems that once more the Children of Israel became very selfish and impatient. They had plenty of food to eat in the manna I have told you about; but sometimes in their wanderings they did not have enough water, and at one time they had been traveling quite a long while and had grown very thirsty.

Then what do you suppose the people did? "Began to talk about the fleshpots of Egypt," you say? Yes, exactly. You know now how the Israelites would act like children when they grew impatient. Well, they began to talk again in the same old way. This is what they said to Moses: "Would to the Lord that we had died when our brethren died in Egypt. Why hast thou brought us into the Wilderness that we should die here with thirst? Wherefore hast thou brought us into this evil place? It is no place of figs and vines and pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink."

You notice what a way people have of exaggerating their troubles. They really had enough to eat in the manna they had found in that country. What they were crying for now was good drinking water. And just because they could not get it they blamed Moses for it, and also because he did not give them nice dishes of the best kind of food or the richest fruits.

Poor Moses! Surely we could feel sorry for him. The people were never satisfied. He, too, must have been thirsty like the rest of them. But he had sense enough not to complain and sigh for grapes and pomegranates and all sorts of nice things to eat, when he could get manna there. But for once he lost all pa-

tience. He felt that he was much superior to the rest of them, and had behaved himself much better than they had, having acted in a brave, bold spirit, while they behaved in a very cowardly way.

He went ahead some distance, looking about, and at last found a fine large spring of water at the edge of a great rock. Then he made up his mind that he would give the people a scolding now that he had found the water for them. And so he called them to him, as many as could hear his voice; and thousands gathered about the rock. They did not know the spring of water was there. And there stood Moses, his rod in his hand. Then he cried out, speaking as if he were the Lord himself: "Hear, now, ye rebels! Shall we bring you forth water out of this rock?"

Oh, if Moses had never spoken in that way. It cost him dear, because it was for those words that he was to be punished. You see, in the way he spoke in using the word "we," he talked just as if it were the Lord himself speaking. He placed himself proudly above all the rest of the people there, just as if he were as good or as great as the Lord Over All. Although he had done as nearly right as he knew how, yet he was not what we should have called *perfect*. And this was a display of pride. Moses had been brave and true in many ways, and had certainly put up with a great deal. But he had not been so true and so brave and so courageous as to make it right for him to think of himself as being quite perfect. At any rate, when he had said those words he struck the rock with his rod, the grasses were thrust aside and there was plenty of water.

But even as Moses did this, I think there must have been a new look on his face, a troubled look, as if his conscience began to worry him. He had no sooner uttered those words than he felt he had done wrong. He walked away from the spring, leaving the people there quenching their thirst. But as for himself he had no desire to drink. He was too unhappy. He knew he deserved punishing, and he felt that punishment would soon come.

And it did come—an awful punishment, such as he had never dreamed of. The Great Ruler told him plainly of the wrong he had been guilty of, although Moses knew in his own heart what he had done. Because of this wrong act of pride and boastfulness he was never to be allowed to enter the Promised Land.

Just think what that meant to Moses. He had thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. Never to enter the Promised Land! How his heart sank within him. Even as a boy I fancy his mother had told him of the promise made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, before the time when he went to live as the son of the Princess in the palace of the king of Egypt. And he had thought how after all his wanderings in that Wilderness, by and by there would come an end to his troubles and he would be able to lead the people across the River Jordan into the Land of Canaan. And now because of this pride and boastfulness he was to be punished in this awful way. He was to go on for years leading the people about in the Wilderness until they should reach that land; and after all his labors, he was to die there alone in the Wilderness, and not share in the happiness that was in store for the rest.

It makes us full of sorrow for poor Moses, although we feel that he deserved to be punished; because when people set themselves up as being perfect, it is nothing but pride; and pride generally has a fall. As soon as they do that, they never go on getting any better, but stay right where they are, instead of going on improving themselves.

The punishment had come, and Moses had to make the best of it. And I am glad to say that afterward he usually acted in a brave, true spirit. He was never too bold again, neither was he timid. He went on like a true leader guiding the children of Israel from place to place in the Wilderness, trying to make them better people, and preparing them for the time when they should enter the Promised Land.

To THE TEACHER: A great deal might be made out of this lesson by proper treatment. It could be emphasized how even the best and strongest people need to be on their guard lest they suddenly fall into temptation. Tell the children how easy it is for a person who is a little superior in one respect to those around him, to begin to feel himself superior in all respects, or to think himself perfect. Point out the utter folly of such pride and how it makes a person weak instead of strong. Explain that the collapse or fall under such circumstances is liable to come suddenly or unexpectedly. And then follow the shame and humiliation. Arouse a sense of pity for Moses and dwell on the sad features of his awful disappointment.

## THE STUDY TABLE.

### What is Christianity?*

Professor Harnack's "What Is Christianity?" is a book that appeals to the general reader to a much greater degree than his "History of Dogma," which has recently been noticed in these columns. It would appear that Professor Harnack talks much better than he writes, for these lectures were unwritten. They were taken down in shorthand by an enthusiastic hearer and Professor Harnack permitted their publication after making a few changes where his meaning had not been precisely caught. The circumstances under which they were delivered add much to their interest. We read in the preface that they were attended by six hundred students from different departments of the university. But a writer in the London Unitarian *Inquirer* thinks this an understatement. He says that 660 numbered seats were all occupied and that many students crowded the doorways, the window sills, and the aisles. An interesting comment this on what we have heard of the decay of interest in religion in Germany. It would seem as if the trouble had not been so much with the people addressed as with those addressing them.

These lectures get additional interest from the jubilant howl which went up not along ago over Professor Harnack's great reaction from the position of the radical New Testament critics. The hyper-orthodox shouted in chorus, "He has become as one of us." Better understood, it was found that his reaction was hardly more than a recession from some of the more extreme opinions of F. C. Baur, a recession already made by the majority of Baur's most intelligent disciples, Hilgenfeld well in the lead. Harnack's recession left him still in advance of the radical position of Renan as regards the authenticity of the New Testament books. Moreover, so great the change which criticism has brought about in the conception of the process of the New Testament's creation that to push back the dates of the gospels a quarter of a century makes little difference in the degree of their authenticity. Time enough remains between the facts reported and the reports for an infinite amount of distortion to take place, and this time did not run to waste, we have every reason to believe.

Some of the negative positions of "What Is Christianity?" are interesting and important. We read of the Fourth Gospel that it has no historic value; that it "did not emanate or pretend to emanate from the apostle John." While the Synoptics proceeded from an

*"What is Christianity?" Lectures delivered during the winter term in the University of Berlin, 1899-1900. By Adolph Harnach. Translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

early Jewish Christianity, the amount of redaction has been considerable. Miracles cease to be miracles in any traditional sense in Harnack's interpretation. The birth-stories of Matthew and Luke are frankly set aside. The resurrection of Jesus is treated much more tenderly, but "either we must decide to rest our belief on a foundation unstable and always exposed to fresh doubts or else must abandon this foundation altogether, and with it the miraculous appeal to our senses."

It must be confessed that Professor Harnack's answer to the question, "What Is Christianity?" is too mystical for "human nature's daily food." It is that Christianity is "eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God." Much more to the point is his account of the specific teachings of Jesus. It is distributed under three heads: "The kingdom of God and its coming; God the Father and the infinite value of the human soul; the higher righteousness of the commandment of love." There could not be a better summary than this of the conception of Christianity entertained by Dr. Channing, and when we consider that on the critical side Harnack's thought is far in advance of Channing's and that his Christology, though vague, is much more naturalistic and rationalistic than Channing's Arianism, does it not seem as if the old distinction of Unitarian and orthodox were getting miserably inadequate to express the distinctions and relations of our present thought? And when there are thousands who are not Unitarians holding positions far more liberal than those of our Unitarian thinking fifty years ago, does it not seem as if it were high time for a realignment of the liberal forces, lest names should separate where ideas and principles tend to unite? J. W. C.

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## D'Annunzio's Reading of the Artist's Tragedy.*

Howsoever the previous work of d'Annunzio may be characterized, it is a crude judgment which would condemn as an anywise salacious his recent play, "Gioconda." D'Annunzio has again revealed himself as poet and profound psychologist, expressing these qualities here in the dramatic form, and he has given a new reading to the great problem of idealistic individualism in a situation of impassioned realism. The superficial reader may discover in this play only the "old story" in a new guise—an artist's division of soul between the domestic life and that of the studio. A quicker perception will sense at once the far deeper significance of the theme—the theme of the conflict which goes on in every creative mind between the enforced conventionalities that stifle its power and the passion to do one's work and to release without care the surging currents of vital energy. "Gioconda" is not a concrete love story. It is a poetical allegory of a subtle and profoundly true character. It typifies an eternal interior debate of the soul, which in no wise depends upon the accidents of daily companionships or alliances. And further, the tragic results which must ever attend the complete expression of the creative personality are not deemed ample warrant for the repression of the overmastering urge of genius.

The art of the poet comes out poignantly in his deepening of the spiritual value of the wife whose sacrifice is accomplished in the name of art. Here is no vulgar mate from whom to seek relief; here no rustic Magda essentially estranged from her Heinrich. Sylvia Settala is one possessed not only of intense moral purity, but of exquisite and high discernment, and she is generous and brave and unresentful of the past. For Lucio has just been won back to her triumphant love after an attempt at suicide because of the irreconcilability of the conflicting forces that possess him. Unable to live either with or without Gioconda, his model, she who inspires with marvelous infinitude of form his ardent faculty, he sought the release of death. But now that he has been returned to life, within the calm of his home whose atmosphere evokes the image of a gentle and secluded life, "as if all had been set in order by one of the thoughtful Graces," he dreams a vision of peaceful content. An outburst of adoration for his devoted guardian moves him and he imagines for one sublimated moment that he is delivered for aye from the fire of his creative passion. But its violence returns when he learns that Gioconda awaits him in the studio—his more real home—where he has worked and prayed and cried upon glory, where "the analogy of every form reveals the aspiration toward a carnal, victorious and creative life." The splendor of a life of renunciation—a renunciation of more than his personal self—fades away. Lucio would have been saved if he could have forgotten art also. But the passion to reproduce in forms of eternal life is the overmastering one in his nature. "I was born to make statues. When a material form has gone out of my hands with the imprint of beauty, the office assigned me by nature is fulfilled. I have not exceeded my own law, whether or not I have exceeded the law of right." This is the cry of the creative spirit since the world began. The reckoning is with a cosmic and superpersonal force, which achieves its purpose however it may be denied. To the scientific eye our higher psychic prepossessions are seen to be but the continuance of that blind seeking for furtherance in the first organic strife for existence. Modern canons of conduct are insufficient to quell the urge of the centuries.

The play reaches its height of power in the scene where the two women who represent the two appeals to the sculptor's life meet to contest for primacy. The plea for home and the nobility of art unsoiled by baser use is met by the pride which points to the work of eternal beauty that has blossomed from the gift of self. The only verity is the truth of love, Gioconda says. Sylvia has saved the sculptor's life, but she has daily watered the clay which contains the germ of a new and glorious creation, and has thus preserved more than the physical life. If one may reckon as confessed defeat the despair which stoops to a monstrous deceit to reinforce its cause, one must regard Sylvia as the loser in this duel of the spirit. She lies in order to expel her rival from the studio. But Gioconda will not submit carelessly to being "turned out" at the supposed behest of Lucio. With fury she rushes to destroy the masterpiece which is the symbol of her power. In the struggle the hands of Sylvia are crushed by the falling marble. Her sacrifice is complete. She has given of her flesh and blood for her love. But in vain. Lucio returns to his fate, to his work and the necessity of yielding to the world the fruits of his overwhelming gift. The statue, which has not perished save in its broken arms, as also the woman who is maimed but returned to life, are symbols of the divine immolation that follows in the track of devastating genius.

To regard this drama as an ordinary love story would be assuredly to miss of the profound verity of the problem presented. As Sudermann's "Magda," which is a tremendous appeal for the individuality of woman, wins us to freedom, so in the face of all results we are moved by the struggle of Lucio. We would not have Magda remain at home and miss the building of a magnificent personality, even though she causes the despair and undoing of her aged father. Unless the code of life is to produce mild and passive mediocrities only, we must admit the accompaniment of tragic disturbances on the way of the soul. If life dared to be fully frank, it would seem more divine to achieve the fullest results from an unique endowment than to cancel the claims of the spirit because they con-

*Gioconda, a Drama by Gabriel D'Annunzio. R. H. Russell.

flict with the personal desire of another. In other words, genius seems destined to be a militant, a katabolic, force as it speeds on its path to glory.

It is significant that such a number of our modern problem plays should present the same theme of the artist's struggle with his soul. Beside the similarity of the situation in "Magda," we have in Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," as in Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," essentially the same problem that d'Annunzio gives us in "Gioconda." The issue is oddly different in each—solution it cannot be called; but there is absolutely the same psychology, and one may take his choice of ways out of the difficulty. Shall one select Ibsen's Rubek for the rule of right conduct—the sculptor who looks upon his model purely with the artist sense, and failing to respond to the human gift of devotion which she offers, forfeits a larger spiritual consciousness, kills his own soul and hers—as she charges him—although remaining austerely pure in the conventional sense? Is Heinrich, the master bell-maker, truer to his spiritual life when he goes with Rautendelein upon the heights and labors in freedom under the creative impulsion of her discernment, or when he falters and turns back, called by the ghostly voices of his physical life? Or shall we choose Lucio as the man who walks nearest truth, since—surely in no despicable levity—he elects to serve the forces which win him to enduring results through the consuming passion for his work? However the choice may be made by differing moral standards, there can be no smooth and ready dismissal of the case as one which at best bears upon few lives, and those of a peculiar birthright of power. The fact that poets of such different races and environments have considered the problem comments upon its universality and betokens an application equally wide to those hesitant but impetuous minds who face the socially-imposed choice between overt expediency and ideal individualism. Doubtless, too, while the tragedy may be charged in part to an unelastic and unimaginative social rigor, it will remain unescapable to the last, being of that quality of the human heart which refutes by very nature the hope of complete realization, and feels something of the meaning that Browning suggests by his "Infinite passion, and the pain of finite hearts that yearn."

For the rest, this little play offers an almost intoxicating beauty of language and perception. It has a sort of suddenness and surprise as of something wrought out of a mood of intense ecstatic vision. In this again it offers contrast to the more rational drama of Ibsen and the more sublimated and fairly metaphysical "Sunken Bell." But with its greater directness, a due perhaps of the more fervent Southern temperament, exists a subtlety even finer, by reason of the equal high evolution of the two women who demonstrate the opposing spiritual impulses. The last act fails somewhat from the assured heights of the former ones. It seems not quite organic in conception and its emotionalism rings not so true. Spontaneity falters. One feels even a trifle exploited in the matter of sympathy as the anguish of the maimed and broken Sylvia is dwelt upon. Yet there is an almost cruel sense of loss in the overthrow of an heroic spirit. The general verdict will undoubtedly find against her complete frustration as an injury to the moral sense. D'Annunzio himself may feel that he has shown more truthfully than by a facile climax of virtue regnant the piteous tragedy of the individual fate which Balzac so ruthlessly recorded for the world in what he chose to call the Human Comedy.

LAURA MCADOO TRIGGS.

## Birds of Lakeside and Prairie.*

Of making many bird-books there is nowadays no end; but if all were as delightful as this one, I should say "Increase and multiply." It makes one long for Tower Hill, for these are the very same blue jays and warblers we know so well in Wisconsin, though also to be studied in Chicago parks by enthusiastic observers like Mr. Clark.

Here they are in their habits (and colors), as they live, and the letter-press of the book is as engaging and homey as the pictures.

What an astonishing art is this new one that reproduces every tint and even the exquisite texture of plumage on these, "our little brothers of the air," as dear St. Francis of Assisi calls them. And this is done for the pleasure of the multitude at a trifling charge, whereas the Audubon set, far less accurately colored, cost $1,000 complete, when I was a child, and was shrined in costly stands for the enjoyment of the few. Now a dollar or two buys an exact reproduction of the darlings in all their gay or tender or saucy unconsciousness as they flit from tree to tree or sit on nest or bough.

Mr. Clark has stalked the birds without a gun for many years, and to no one person do we of Chicago owe more for persistent efforts to have good laws framed and carried out by which to protect these woodland wards of ours. But outside of any benevolent object, the stories are delightful and the author's intimate acquaintance with individual grosbeaks, dickcissels and other feathered ladies and gentlemen he has known, make his adventures in wood and field read like a novel, while the subject will be found, I fancy, far fresher to most of us than the stock pabulum of a modern romance.

Get such books as "Birds of Lakeside and Prairie" and go early to the country, or before sunrise to our parks, if you want to have a good time! C. S. K.

## In Country Lanes.

O country lanes, white starred with bloom,
  Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
  And part before my eager feet—

Could I forever dwell with you,
  Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
  Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded streets,
  I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
  My sordid breast and weary brain.

Ever above the city's din,
  Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
  I catch the scent of leaf strewn mold.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
  Your hawthorn drops her scented rain,
I am a child again, and dream
  That heaven bides here, O flower starred lane.

—*The Criterion.*

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whisky. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday *to love our enemies!*" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "*but I didn't tell you to swallow them.*"—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*By Edward B. Clark. With sixteen illustrations in color. A. W. Mumford, Chicago and New York.

# THE HOME.

## Helps to High Living.

SUN. To know with the knowledge of faith that there is nothing between the soul and its God, is to experience the fullest peace the soul can know.

MON. Pray hardest when it is hardest to pray.

TUES. Those alone labor effectively among men who impetuously fling themselves upward towards God.

WED. The soldier who is called to the front is stimulated, not depressed; it is an opportunity to prove himself worthy of a great trust, even at the cost of great trouble.

THURS. God has special confidences for each soul.

FRI. As far as possible live consciously with thy God.

SAT. A man's best desires are always the index and measure of his possibilities.

*Rev. Charles H. Brent.*

## Just His Smile.

I meet him every morning as I hurry through the street,
He looks as if his thoughts were far away;
The shoes are worn and rusty that he has upon his feet,
And he loiters as the careless only may.
His clothes are frayed and old.
Nature cast him in a mold
That was poor and warped, and took but little care,
When she set him up, to trim
Off the rough outside of him—
But I wish I had the smile I see him wear.

He may never win the envy of the crowds that hurry by.
He may never charm with tongue or brush or pen;
Perhaps the Lord intended him to merely live and die
As one of those who wait on other men.
I see him move along,
All unconscious of the throng,
Clad in raiment that has long been out of style;
He is jostled to and fro
As of small account, but oh,
I wish that I possessed his happy smile.

*—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald*

## Ole Bull's Christmas Present.

Christmas eve, as a tall, dignified-looking gentleman was walking leisurely along one of the by-streets of London, his attention was attracted to a little boy who was looking in at a shop window in which were displayed various articles (some of them apparently second-hand) for sale. As the gentleman, whose long, thick hair fell far below his fur cap, approached the little boy, he saw that his gaze was fixed upon a beautiful looking violin that hung in the center of the window. Upon coming nearer he heard him singing a familiar melody in a pure, sweet voice, which he accompanied with rhythmical movements of his slender arms and fingers as if he were playing the violin. He stopped to listen, quite charmed at the innocent, childish spectacle. Just then the little boy looked up, and, abashed at being observed, ceased his performance.

"Do you think you could play as well upon that violin, if you had it, as you can sing, my little fellow?"

"I don't know, sir, but I would like to try," the boy replied.

"Come with me," said the gentleman, and together they went into the shop.

"How much for the violin in the window?" he asked of the shopkeeper.

"Five pounds."

"Too much by half," said the gentleman. "Show me something cheaper."

After being shown five or six other violins, which he rejected after merely glancing at them (the little boy's big blue eyes looking more and more wistful all the time), the shopkeeper handed out a dingy, antiquated-looking violin, with the remark: "Here's an old fiddle that I got of a sailor. It needs fixing up a bit, but you can have it just as it is for £1 10s."

The gentleman scrutinized it closely, inside and out, remarked that is was very much out of repair, but said that he would give just £1 for it, which the shopkeeper, after some hesitation, accepted, and the money was paid him.

"Put on a string in place of this broken one," said the gentleman, "and furnish me a good bow. I will pay extra for it."

While this was being done the gentleman looked down at the little pale, wondering face upturned to his, and said: "What is your name?"

The boy quickly responded, "Leo, and my father rings the chimes—if you hark you can hear 'em now!" The gentleman listened for a moment or two, and as the sound of the grand old bells died away the shopkeeper handed him the violin and bow ready for use. After tuning the instrument carefully, he unbuttoned his fur-trimmed traveling coat and, placing the violin under his chin, began *softly and sweetly to play the tune which the Christmas bells had just rung out!* For some minutes he continued to play, weaving into the air every conceivable kind of variation, and ended by playing the melody once more, accompanied with harmonics and brilliant arpeggios. After the violin and bow had been placed in the box he handed it to the bewildered boy, and, patting him on his curly head, remarked, as he buttoned up his great overcoat: "Carry the violin home with you and take good care of it; it is worth £100 at least. Learn to play the tune I heard you singing outside the window, and as many more as you can. Tell your father to get you a good teacher. You may keep the violin; *it is a Christmas present from Ole Bull.*" He opened the door for his little protege and passed out into the crowd, just as the Christmas bells rang out again their merry chime.

## Why?

I know a curious little boy
Who is always asking why—
Why this, why that, why then, why now,
Why no, why by-and-by.

He wants to know why wood would swim,
When lead and marble sink;
Why stars should shine and winds should blow,
And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know what makes the clouds,
And why they cross the sky;
Why sinks the sun behind the hills,
And why the flowers die.

He wants to know why winds should come
From out the bellows' nose;
Why pop-guns should go pop, and why
The ocean ebbs and flows.

He wants to know why fish have gills,
And why we cannot fly;
Why steam comes from the kettle's spout,
And the rain falls from the sky.

He wants to know why coal should burn,
But not a bit of stone;
How seeds get in the apple core,
And marrow in the bone.

He wants to know why ice should melt;
Why spiders eat the flies;
Why bees should sting, and why the yeast
Should cause the dough to rise.

Some of his whys are not too hard
To answer, if you'll try;
But others, no one ever yet
Has found the reason why.

*—Exchange.*

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## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

CHICAGO—ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Notwithstanding the freshets that so interfered with the return of the pastor that he was unable to meet his people at the annual Good Friday meeting, which is the tender memorial communion occasion of this church, the meeting transpired all the same, a goodly attendance sang the memorial hymns, joined in the memorial word and high commemoration. Easter Day was celebrated with peculiar interest. There were five christenings, twelve additions to the church, and Mr. Jones presented a confirmation class of fourteen for a place in the fellowship of the church. An interesting program had been prepared during his absence by the Sunday-school. Each class presented a cathedral thought and the Sunday-school entire offered as the contents of the jugs broken that morning $113.14 as their accumulations since Christmas, the coppers, nickels and dimes testifying to the children's thoughtfulness and self-denials. The confirmation class alumni reported $700 raised out of the $1,000 which is their ambition toward the initiative fund of the Lincoln Center, and the remaining $300 was materially reduced before the close of the day.

We make place for the following communication and selection as coming from one of the mothers in this Israel, whose name will be recognized by many of our readers, and the message will be appreciated by all:

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE "GOOD FRIDAY" GATHERING AT ALL SOULS: Be assured I have not forgotton this day, and though unavoidably absent I join with you in remembrance of its sacred associations and in loving memory of the dear ones gone before—and for the great souls and helpers in all the past. It seems to me, too, fitting at this time to try and forget as well as remember: forget our materialism and worldliness for a while at least, knowing that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are *eternal*." Sincerely in the bonds of fellowship,

MRS. DEAN BANGS.

### Belief.

Because I would,
I climbed all sunny slopes.
Youth's pathway was so fair, so free;
Life's hill-tops looked so far to me,
I thought not of the end; nor did I care
To wonder or to think if it were fair
Beyond the summit; every moment glad
To know the joys around me, for I had
No doubts, no fears; believed that God was good—
Believed in heaven, in immortality,
Because I *would*.

Because I must,
I lean today upon my staff of trust.
The hill-tops are not far, I soon shall see
The other side burst forth. It cannot be
That I have climbed so far and all for naught.
Ah, no; some glorious glimpses I have caught,
And cannot help but take the down-stretched hand
And cling to it as tremblingly I stand—
Then tell me not that I am empty dust;
My *spirit* is *belief;* I hold to *Thee*
Because I *must*.

*Julia H. Hay.*

DENVER, COLO.—A Denver paper, March 16, contains notice of the death and burial of Mrs. D. D. Belden, the wife of Judge Belden, who had preceded her into the silent land. Mr. and Mrs. Belden were pioneers of this mountain city, and for more than a generation they stood for the enterprise of the spirit, whatever was allied to progressive things, literary, charitable or religious, received their support and rested on their strength.

ALBANY, N. Y.—On Sunday and Monday, March 23-24, the First Unitarian Society of Albany, N. Y., held its usual anniversary exercises. Notwithstanding the prognostications of many who expected, and perhaps hoped, to see it collapse within a year, this society, reorganized in March, 1895, after twenty years in which it had been dormant, almost non-existent, has completed seven years of live, progressive work under its devoted and tireless pastor, Dr. William M. Brundage.

In the spring of 1899 the society purchased the United Presbyterian church in Lancaster street, which it proceeded to remodel for its own uses. The new church home was dedicated in October of that year. Thanks to the generosity of Unitarians elsewhere, and of Albany citizens of all denominations who had come to recognize the society as a power for good, its members had the satisfaction of entering its permanent quarters free from debt, and have created there a center of varied activities. In addition to the regular public services and the Sunday school, there have been organized classes in literature, sociology, ethics, sewing and cooking. Private theatricals and dancing parties have been provided for the young people as well as lectures on a wide variety of topics. The endeavor has been to realize the pastor's ideal as expressed in his dedicatory address: "We would have our boys and girls, our men and women, make this building their common home to which they love to come because in it they are always sure to find gladness and good cheer. To our thinking, everything which ennobles the life of our youth is sacred."

During the past year the society has purchased and paid for a beautiful new organ costing $1,900. Its Women's Alliance in addition to the carrying out of a fine literary program has raised $300 to be applied to the current expenses of the church. Unity Club, the young people's society, which numbers 120 members, has produced several original plays of considerable merit. The club embraces four sections: religious, social, literary, philanthropical and sociological.

At the anniversary exercises on Sunday, March 23, the speaker at the morning service was Miss Emma C. Low, of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women; in the evening Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D., preached the anniversary sermon. On Monday evening the society enjoyed its anniversary supper, which was followed by a complimentary concert given by Messrs. Cluett & Sons. M. E. H.

## Foreign Notes.

POVERTY IN INDIA.—Mr. S. S. Thorburn, formerly financial commissioner of the Punjab, has done a great service to India by his remarkable lecture on Indian poverty and its causes, delivered before the Fabian Society in London. Mr. Thorburn lays great stress on the increasing poverty and self-helplessness of the large mass of the people of India. He declares his conviction that as far as seventy millions of the sufferers were concerned, it was too late for any measure of relief to be beneficial, and says that such a state of affairs constitutes a sufficiently grave indictment of the *regime* under which it has come about, whether it is the result of deliberate selfishness or merely of ignorant folly. Mr. Thorburn's indictment comprises the four well-known counts:

"(1.) Our exaction of a so-called annual tribute, amounting roundly to some thirty millions sterling, in the shape of gold payments made in England for pensions, private remittances, establishment, and interest on loans raised in England to meet unnecessary and unproductive expenditure in India, such as the cost of foreign wars, strategic railways, and the like; (2) Our pursuit of a commercial policy which has had the effect of destroying India's ancient industries and preventing the establishment by her of new industries which might interfere with our own trade; (3) Our appropriation, under the name of land revenue, of an excessive share of the produce of the soil, and the rigidity of our method of collecting it; and (4) Our exclusion of qualified Indians from the most important and best paid administrative posts."

The report of the Famine Commission, of which a brief summary has been published by the London press, has made a considerable sensation. That summary shows that the last famine has swept away about one million men. At the same time impartial visitors to India are carrying back with them a true and appalling picture of the country. Dr. Josiah Oldfield, writing to the *Daily News* on Indian problems, concludes with these words: "The troubles of India have gone on so long and are so manifestly continuous, that there is in the air the formation of an Indian Empire League, one of whose objects will be the teaching to the people of England the responsibilities, as well as the privileges, of having, not any longer a 'conquered people of India,' but an interlinked 'Indian

Empire.' The prospect of continual scarcity will force this all-important question still more urgently on the British public. This is just the time to convince the British public that the Indian famines are the inevitable results of the British policy."

So much from the editorial notes of the *Indian Messenger*, in its department of Home News. In the same issue (Feb. 9), occurs the following statement of present prospects and conditions:

"Since our last weekly summary was written things have gone on changing for the worse for our unfortunate country. The drought in the Punjab and the northwestern provinces still continues with increasing severity. There has been practically no rain throughout the whole of India during these three weeks. It is now inevitable that there will be a widespread distress, if not actual famine, throughout upper and western India. The official returns for the past week show an increase of 52,582 in the numbers under government relief, the total for the whole country now being 280,305, of whom 167,847 are in the Bombay Presidency. Relief works have been opened in the Madras Presidency also, but the numbers attending them have so far been small. The plague returns for the past week similarly show an increase, owing to the further extension of the discase in the Punjab and northwestern provinces. The total number of deaths in India has risen from 11,445 to 12,192, this being more than three times the mortality in the corresponding week last year when the total number of deaths reported was 3,415."

Later reports happily show a decrease in the plague mortality. M. E. H.

## Books Received.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Wales. The Story of the Nations. Owen M. Edwards. $1.50.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO.

The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. $1.50.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

The Life of John Ruskin. W. G. Collingwood. $2.00.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.

The New World and the New Thought. James Thompson Bixby. $1.00.

THE ABBEY PRESS, NEW YORK.

Liquid from the Sun's Rays. Sue Greenleaf.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.

The Second Generation. James Weber Linn. $1.50.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

The Young Man in Modern Life. Beverley Warner. 85c.

JAMES H. WEST CO., BOSTON.

Lewis G. Janes. Memorial Volume. $1.00.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Good Cheer Nuggets. Jeanne G. Pennington. 45c.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, ME.

Æs Triplex and Other Essays. Robert Louis Stevenson. 40c.

Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1901.

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